

and the sweet gospel of Christ was preached by preachers who wore the deputy sheriff stars doled out by the operators.

When the Western Federation came to Calumet they came to free the copper miners from slavery.

And the masters of the slaves hated them for it. They stirred up hatred among the business men. They told them the coming of the union would ruin the copper country.

They controlled the newspapers. They owned the ground on which the churches were built. They had subsidized the preachers by their money avors.

Finding no consolation, no comfort, no help, no hope, no encouragement in their churches the miners and their wives and children found a new religion in their union.

They found there brothers from other states who wanted to help them in their daily problems—their bread-and-butter problems.

The churches lost business and men of various creeds got together as members of the common human brotherhood in the halls of their unions. And if I know anything about God, He was with them there at least quite as much as He had been interpreted to them through various creeds in numerous churches before they saw the new light.

These overworked, underpaid slaves were eking out a beggarly existence; and the owners of the principal mine had taken out since 1870, \$121,000,000 in dividends on an original investment of \$1,250,000.

The mine operators controlled the government; they controlled the board of county supervisors; they controlled the sheriff and all of the machinery of government.

They controlled the militia, whose officers wine and dined at the club owned by the mine operators, and made headquarters in an armory owned by the same operators.

They brought into the county of Houghton a private army of hired thugs and gunmen—desperadoes recruited from the toughest sections of the big cities; and with this imported private army of mercenaries, they bullied the miners and their wives and children.

The operators also owned business and the business men—those abject slaves of selfishness and greed, who think more of a metal dollar than they do of a human being created in the image of God.

The Citizens' Alliance was formed—made up of "business men"—God save the mark!

And these "business" men, with a subsidized pulpit and press, combined with capitalism to enslave the miners and their loved ones.

There was only one chance to free those slaves, and that was by organizing them into a union. The laws of their state and country were no good to them; for their enemies and persecutors owned the minions who administered the law.

Imported gunmen in the pay of the mine operators fired into a miner's cottage and killed two miners. They shot off part of the head of a little girl—daughter of a miner. They beat up miners and insulted their wives. And if the miners rebelled they were beaten up again and thrown into a filthy jail.

And then came that Christmas-eve celebration, with its Christmas tree, its Christmas gifts—that didn't come from the operators or the business men, but from friends who were trying to help the enslaved miners to liberty.

With a room packed with men, women and children, gathered together